



CHRISTMAS AND THE DARKEST DAY

By JOHN E. DOLSEN

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EVERY day the sun grows colder,
Riding lower through its arc.
Will it, as the year grows older,
Leave us always in the dark?

But we know that science teaches
'Twill begin its upward climb
When its lowest point it reaches,
At the solstice—Christmas time.

Earth to all her utmost regions
Shuddered 'neath the march of Rome,
Whose triumphant, pagan legions
Dragged their loot and captives home.

Must her rule go on, unceasing?
Would her armaments be hurled,
With an insolence increasing,
'Gainst a servile, helpless world?

Were Rome's gods alone undying?
And must other nations crook
To her Caesar, deifying
Him with suppliant sword and look?

When it seemed her ruthless power
Nothing on the earth could stem,
In that saddest, darkest hour
Christ was born at Bethlehem.



A REAL SANTA CLAUS.

SANTA CLAUS, I hang for you
By the mantel stockings two—
One for me and one to go
To another boy I know.

There's a chimney in the town
You have never traveled down.
Should you chance to enter there
You would find a room all bare;
Not a stocking could you spy,
Matter not how you might try.
And the shoes you'd find are such
As no boy would care for much.

In a broken bed you'd see
Some one just about like me
Dreaming of the pretty toys
Which you bring to other boys.
And to him a Christmas seems
Merry only in his dreams.

All he dreams, then, Santa Claus,
Stuff the stockings with, because
When it's filled up to the brim
I'll be Santa Claus to him!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

A QUESTION.

If there isn't any Santa Claus, who is
it turns your feet
Toward the shop where gifts are smil-
ing as you walk along the street?
Who is it sets you thinking, though
you're busy as can be,
About the songs and laughter round the
children's Christmas tree?
Though you vow "this Christmas business
is a nuisance anyhow,"
There's an influence at work that clears
the frowning from your brow.
The small tin trumpet sounds a blast that
wakes your soul serene
To homage for the doll who is a lady and
a queen,
And the once prosaic world where it has
been your lot to dwell
Is a realm of fascinations 'neath some
mystic fairy spell.
If there isn't any Santa Claus, who is it,
day by day,
That turns our thoughts to Christmas,
strive to shun it as we may?
Who comes at this bleak season armed
with telepathic arts
And by generous suggestion dominates our
minds and hearts?

CONSTANT CHRISTMAS.

Oh, never failing splendor,
Oh, never silent song,
Still keep the green earth
tender,
Still keep the gray earth
strong!
Still keep the brave earth
dreaming
Of deeds that shall be done
While children's lives come
streaming
Like sunbeams from the
sun!
Oh, angels, sweet and splen-
did,
Throng in our hearts and
sing
The wonders which attended
The coming of the King!

—Phillips Brooks.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

PEACE and good will toward men!
Blest Christmas time
That brings to famished thousands
a good meal,
While even those, immured in cells,
that steal
From others—make their livelihood in
crime—
Now sit at tables with the best of fare.
Children, unused to luxuries and joys,
Now have abundance, are e'en blessed
with toys,
For did not Christ take such unto his
care?
The laborer sick, his family hungry, cold,
Is now remembered; wood and coal and
rent
And flour and meal and fowl to him are
sent
By them that know the genuine use of
gold.
Whose eyes have seen the shepherds watch
by night,
Who've read the Sermon on the Mount
aright,
—Edward S. Creamer in Brooklyn Eagle.

CHRISTMAS.

THE world his cradle is.
The stars his worshippers.
His "peace on earth" the mother's kiss
On lips new pressed to hers.
For she alone to him
In perfect light appears,
The one horizon never dim
With penitential tears.

—John B. Tabb.

Go Home for Christmas

STOP at this busy Christmas season
and think for a moment of the folks
back home. Consider how much
happier they will be if you are with
them on this Christmas day. Perhaps your
parents are getting very old now—perhaps they
have only a few more Christmases to spend
here. Certainly your presence at the old home
place would add greatly to their joy. Think
of the days when you were a child—of the
Christmases, now gone forever, when your
father and mother did so much to make you
happy. A man's mother is the best friend he
ever had or ever can have. One owes it to her
to spend Christmas at her side and to devote
the day to making her happy. But if we have
no mother what would be prettier, what senti-
ment or act could be more beautiful, than to
visit her grave and make it green with wreaths
and flowers on Christmas day?

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and a

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